

*Troilus and Cressida.*

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:  
Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the hight.

*Pat.* Heere comes *Thersites*. *Enter Thersites.*

*Achil.* How now, thou core of Envy?  
Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?  
*Ther.* Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & I doll  
of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

*Achil.* From whence, Fragment?  
*Ther.* Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.  
*Pat.* Who keeps the Tent now?

*Ther.* The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.  
*Pat.* Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks?  
*Ther.* Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke,  
thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

*Pat.* Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?  
*Ther.* Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten  
diseases of the South, guts, griping Ruptures, Catarres,  
Loades a grauell i'th' backe, Lethargies, cold Palfies, and  
the like, take and take againe, such preposterous discou-  
eries.

*Pat.* Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what  
mean'st thou to curse thus?  
*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Pat.* Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indi-  
stinguishable Curte.

*Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle,  
immateriall skiene of Sleyd filke; thou Greene Sarcenet  
flap for a fore eye, thou tassel of a Prodigals purse thou:  
Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies,  
diminutives of Nature.

*Pat.* Our gall.  
*Ther.* Finch Egge.

*Ach.* My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:  
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,  
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,  
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe  
An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,  
Fall Greekes, faile Fanie, Honor or go, or stay,  
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obey:  
Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent,  
This night in banquetting must all be spent.  
*Away Patroclus.* *Exit.*

*Ther.* With too much blood, and too little Brain, these  
two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and to o  
little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's  
*Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues  
Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as eate-wax; and  
the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother,  
the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of  
Cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing-horne in a chaine, hanging  
at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold  
wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne  
him too: to an Ass were nothing; hee is both Ass and  
Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Ass:  
to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Li-  
zard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe,  
I would not care: but to be *Menelam*, I would conspire  
against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were  
not *Thersites*: for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar,  
so I were not *Menelam*. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.  
*Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlysses, Ne-  
stor, Diomed, with Lights.*

*Ag.* We go wrong, we go wrong.  
*Ajax.* No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.  
*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Enter Achilles.*  
*Vly.* Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

*Achil.* Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.  
*Agam.* So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,

*Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.  
*Hect.* Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

*Men.* Goodnight my Lord.  
*Hect.* Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelam*.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet sinke,  
sweet sure.

*Achil.* Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those  
that go, or tarry.

*Ag.* Goodnight.  
*Achil.* Old *Nestor* carries, and you too *Diomed*,  
keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

*Dio.* I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,  
The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.  
*Vly.* Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,

Ile keepe you company.

*Troy.* Sweet sir, you honour me.  
*Hect.* And so good night.

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*

*Ther.* That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a  
most vnjust Knaue; I will no more trust him when hee  
leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend  
his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when  
he performs, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigi-  
ous, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes  
of the Moone when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will ra-  
ther leaue to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they say,  
he keeps a Trojan Drab, and vses the Traitour *Chalcas*  
his Tent. Ile after— Nothing but Lecherie? All  
incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Diomed.*  
*Dio.* What are you vp here ho? speake?

*Chal.* Who calls?  
*Dio.* *Diomed*, *Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's your Daughter?

*Chal.* She comes to you.  
*Enter Troilus and Vlysses.*

*Vly.* Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.  
*Enter Cressida.*

*Troy.* *Cressida* comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now my charge?

*Cres.* Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.  
*Troy.* Yea, so familiar?

*Vly.* She will sing any man at first sight.  
*Ther.* And any man may finde her, if he can take her  
life: she's noted.

*Dio.* Will you remember?

*Cal.* Remember? yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be cou-  
pled with your words.

*Troy.* What should she remember?

*Vly.* List?

*Cres.* Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery.

*Dio.* Nay then.

*Cres.* Ile tell you what.

*Dio.* Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.

*Cres.* In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?

*Ther.* A iugling trick, to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

*Cres.* I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,  
Bid me doe nor any thing but that sweete Greeke.  
*Dio.* Good

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Dio.* Good night.  
*Troy.* Hold, patience.

*Vly.* How now Trojan?  
*Cres.* *Diomed*.

*Dio.* No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.

*Troy.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Harke one word in your eare.

*Troy.* O plague and madnesse!

*Vly.* You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,  
Let your displeasure should enlarge it selfe

To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;  
The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

*Troy.* Behold, I pray you.

*Vly.* Nay, good my Lord goe off:  
You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

*Troy.* I pray thee stay?

*Vly.* You haue not patience, come.

*Troy.* I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,  
I will not speake a word.

*Dio.* And so good night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Troy.* Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth!

*Vly.* Why, how now Lord?

*Troy.* By Ioue I will be patient.

*Cres.* Gardian? why Greeke?

*Dio.* Fo, fo, adew, you paster.

*Cres.* In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

*Vly.* You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?  
you will breake out.

*Troy.* She strokes his checke.

*Vly.* Come, come.

*Troy.* Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word.

There is betwene my will, and all offences,

A guard of patience; stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the duell Luxury with his fat rumpe and  
potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.

*Dio.* But will you then?

*Cres.* In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*

*Vly.* You haue sworne patience.

*Troy.* Feare me not sweete Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition  
Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Cressid.*

*Ther.* Now the pledge, now, now, now.

*Cres.* Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleuee.

*Troy.* O beautie! where is thy Faith?

*Vly.* My Lord.

*Troy.* I will be patient, outwardly I will.

*Cres.* You looke vpon that Sleuee? behold it well:  
Helou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe.

*Dio.* Whose was't?

*Cres.* It is no matter now I haue't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:  
Prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.

*Ther.* Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.

*Dio.* I shall haue it.

*Cres.* What, this?

*Dio.* I that.

*Cres.* O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;  
Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,  
And giues memorie daintie kisses to it;  
As I kisse thee.

*Dio.* Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

*Cres.* He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.

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